

to Spain resulted in another book, 'Spain in Profile,' which was followed in 1881 by the 'History of Spain.' Last year the Putnams began to publish the Story of the Nations and Prof. Harrison's 'Story of Greece' was given the place of honor as the initial volume of the series. His chief characteristics, as shown in these works, are critical insight and descriptive power. His versatile fancy, too, is ever giving delightful surprises, as in this little note anent Dr. Holmes's seventy-fifth birthday: 'He is the Light of New England, as Longfellow was the Love, and Emerson the Intellect. I saw a wonderful cactus in Mexico, all prickles and blossoms—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes all over; but the blossoms hid the prickles.' Some of his most elaborate descriptions are found in 'Spain in Profile,' such as the 'Alhambra,' 'A Spanish Bull-fight,' others again in THE CRITIC ('Venice from a Gondola,' 'A Summer in Alaska,' etc.) to which he has long been a constant contributor. His critical insight is shown in such reviews as those of Ruskin, Poe, Balzac, and Froude's 'Oceana,' and in such brief essays as 'An Italian Critic,' 'Two Views of Shelley,' 'George Sand and Diderot,' etc. His contributions to other periodicals have been numerous. His articles in *The Nation*, *Literary World*, *Current*, *Independent*, *Home Journal*, *Lippincott's*, *Manhattan*, *Overland Monthly*, *American Journal of Philology*, *Anglia*, etc., would fill several volumes. Two charming stories—'P'tit-José-Ba'tiste,' a Creole story, and 'Dieudonné,' a West Indian Creole story—testify to his skill in this kind of writing. Besides these he has now lying by him in manuscript a volume of poems, a volume of stories, and a volume of travels. Eight trips to different parts of Europe, visits to Alaska, British America, Mexico and the West Indies, during which he studied the languages as well as the customs of the peoples, have given him many a 'peep over the edge of things.' As he is still under forty, we may hope that his literary life has in reality just begun.

W. M. BASKERVILL.

Reviews

Mr. Tilden's Writings and Speeches.*

IT IS A striking tribute to the excellence of Mr. John Bigelow's work as editor of the speeches and writings of Samuel J. Tilden, that both here and abroad the two volumes have been accepted as a satisfactory political biography of the statesman, not merely an appendix-like collection of miscellaneous documents. Mr. Bigelow's preface contains the best characterization of Mr. Tilden that has yet appeared. In less than a score of pages we have a sketch of his public career and an estimate of his intellectual qualities which it would be hard to better in respect of vigor, insight or justice. The plan followed by the editor in the body of the work is equally admirable. The selection of material is so judicious, and so lucid are the brief chapters in which Mr. Bigelow carries the reader from paper to paper, explaining circumstances and relations, that the book has the interest of a continuous narrative. It is a story without a parallel.

Mr. Tilden seems never to have been a very young man, intellectually. In the earnest letters in which the boy of nineteen attacked the heresy of nullification there is plenty of evidence of the mental grasp and mature and adequate reasoning which distinguish the more important papers of his later years. Sparing of speech in public as in private; taking up his pen only when consideration is fully ripe; possessing in a wonderful degree the faculty of analysis and statement; never caring much for rhetoric or pose, and aiming constantly at results to be reached by strong argument presented in the most persuasive way, he leaves, perhaps, a more definitely crystallized system of political philosophy than any American statesman who is or has been his contemporary. Those who agree with him and those

who dissent from his views of the fundamental principles will be alike impressed with the consistency of the record, as here made up. He has been for half a century one of the few original thinkers in American politics—one of the very few who have succeeded throughout the vicissitudes of party strife in making expediency bend always to philosophy. With all Mr. Tilden's consummate skill in the arts of partisanship, it is surprising how little of the partisan, in the narrow sense, appears in his declarations. His calm thought and wise forethought have illuminated every one of the great questions of the last fifty years; and yet whose recorded utterances, considered as a whole or in detail, can better stand the test of candid judgment in the light of present knowledge?

The development that may be traced, as one follows Mr. Tilden's career from Kinderhook to Graystone, is not so much that of the political philosopher as of the man of action. There is, as we have said, no crudity even in his earliest political essays. Nature gave him at the outset the full armament for intellectual warfare. His treatment of the difficult problems affecting the national finances, under Jackson's and Van Buren's Administrations, his resistance of the slave-holding power's attempt to make the nationalization of slavery the test article of Democratic faith, his loyal efforts to avert the danger of secession and the frightful struggle he so clearly foresaw and predicted, are all characterized by the same comprehensive intelligence as manifests itself in his public writings and speeches after his ideas had begun to dominate the party. The evolution, the progressive movement that may be traced through the two volumes is the growth of Mr. Tilden's personal influence on party counsels and the country's affairs—a steady movement, carrying him from obscurity to fame, and through municipal, state and national politics to the foremost place. This is what gives the book a unity and dramatic interest not often possessed by such compilations. The good taste and skill of Mr. Bigelow's unobtrusive management of this theme deserve the highest praise. A hundred thousand words of explanation could not have made more significant the story which the simple chronological sequence of letters and speeches tells.

Naturally, there is little in the book that exhibits Mr. Tilden as the practical politician, the greatest master in his time of the arts of party organization, management and discipline. It is in this aspect alone that many of Mr. Tilden's fellow-citizens have persisted in regarding him. A remark that has been attributed to Mr. Tilden, rightly or wrongly, is characteristic enough, and contains the true explanation of his success as a party leader. 'I give them issues—issues,' he is said to have whispered to a friend who approached him on the subject of his relations with the party of which he was then the active chief. We think that the bitterest political enemy of Mr. Tilden cannot study his life record as here presented in its entirety without reaching the conviction that he rose steadily to commanding influence by virtue of the highest qualities of statesmanship; nor without increased respect for the sincerity of his motives, the wisdom and unswerving loyalty of his patriotism, and the unselfishness of a career that ends with noble dignity in the memorable letter declining for a second time a nomination that meant election to the office that is statesmanship's greatest prize.

Mr. Carnegie's "Triumphant Democracy."**

HERE IS a book for the patriotic American, for the American who thinks there never has been and never can be a country greater than his own. The whole spirit of it is stamped on the front of the cover in black and gold. Besides the title and the author's name; here is a pyramid standing on its apex, and labelled 'Monarchy.' On the other side is a pyramid standing on its base, and marked

* Writings and Speeches of Samuel J. Tilden. Edited by John Bigelow. 2 vols. \$6. New York: Harper & Bros.

** Triumphant Democracy; or, Fifty Years' March of the Republic. By Andrew Carnegie. \$2. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

'Republic.' Below are these two sentences: 'The American Constitution is, as far as I can see, the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man. GLADSTONE.' 'The Americans have a Senate—I wish we could institute it here—marvellous in its strength and efficiency. . . . Their Supreme Court gives a stability to their institutions which under the system of vague and mysterious promises here we look for in vain. SALISBURY.' One other expression of the purpose of the book appears on the cover, and that is a sceptre broken in twain. Mr. Carnegie, as his name implies, was born a Scotchman, and he yet retains great love for Great Britain; but he has become imbued through and through with the spirit of democracy. He has written his book with the purpose of showing that we have in the United States the best government in the world, and that it has enabled us to make a progress unparalleled in the history of nations. It will be a good antidote to those works which have been showing up the defects of American institutions, and of which we have had so many during the last few years. Those who read Maine's 'Popular Government' should reassert their faith in republican institutions by following it with Mr. Carnegie's book.

The purpose the author has placed before himself is a good one, and he has adhered to it very closely. It is to show to Europeans the real nature of American institutions, and what has actually been accomplished in this country. He shows how rapid has been the growth of the American nation, devotes a chapter to the wonderful development of our cities, and then takes up such topics as the conditions of life, occupations, education, religion, pauperism and crime, agriculture, manufactures, art and music, literature, and several others. He shows how wide-spread are the conditions of success and prosperity, and that the people live better and more prosperously than in other countries. His descriptions of the American system of education, the American theory and practice of religion, and of the development which is being made in music and literature are full, just and accurate. Mr. Carnegie writes plainly, in a homely fashion, and without any attempt at literary style. He brings his facts together in good shape, and he knows how to make them tell the most possible. He frequently stops to give expression to his delight at the success of his adopted country, and he is more an American than many born here. Even to Americans his book will be a surprise, for few who have not given attention to the subject will be inclined to believe that so much can be said in behalf of the success of the Republic. Mr. Carnegie certainly has brought together a wonderful array of facts and figures, and he has given a most enthusiastic account of the advantages enjoyed by American citizens. His book is sure to attract attention, and it will make a deep impression on the mind of whoever reads it carefully and thoughtfully. We hope it may be read abroad, and we hope it may be read at home. Abroad it ought to make a strong impression in behalf of democracy; and at home it ought to deepen our faith in the Republic and our fidelity to it.

"Actors and Actresses."*

'NAY, SIR,' said Dr. Johnson to Boswell, 'harmless pleasure is the highest praise. Pleasure is a word of dubious import; pleasure is, in general, dangerous, and pernicious to virtue; to be able, therefore, to furnish pleasure that is harmless, pleasure pure and unalloyed, is as great a power as man can possess.' The object of this important series of volumes is more than to furnish 'harmless pleasure,' though this, too, is happily attained: it is to revive a long roll of dramatic worthies, to resurrect the British Biographia Dramatica and clothe its dry bones with flesh and blood, to bring the English stage in its widest sense vividly before us,

* Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States. Edited by Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton. Vol. I. Garrick and his Contemporaries. \$1.50. New York: Cassell & Co. 1886.

and to unite Plutarchian charm of narrative with clear critical summaries and the just proportionment and recognition of dramatic values. While each of the five volumes of the series will be complete in itself, all will be connected by the strong fibre of harmonious collaboration, and through all will run the intelligent personal supervision of the editors-in-chief, Mr. Brander Matthews and Mr. Laurence Hutton. Infinitely more attractive than a mere encyclopædia, the series is yet encyclopædic in its complete encirclement of the subject; and the individualization by small volumes is a welcome aid to the reader haunted by the spectre of huge folios and marshalled columns bristling in belligerent small print. Each volume selects a period—Vol. I. takes Garrick and his Contemporaries—and in a succession of monograph essays by different hands rounds out and completes it, giving agreeable biographies, careful critical statements, lights and shadows of contemporary life, and an anecdotic fringe or appendix to each figure, wherein all the opinions and views of biographers and contemporaries are succinctly given.

Naturally Garrick is the *pièce de résistance* of the initial volume—brilliant, versatile Garrick, the pet and pupil of Johnson, the great tragedian whose thunder yet reverberates on the British stage. Mr. Austin Dobson devotes a keen-edged sketch to him, in which all the outlines come out sharply. Thirty pages of anecdotes, pen-pictures of Garrick and his coëvals, and characterizations of his greater rôles, follow this sketch—a sort of over-the-nuts-and-wine appendix sprinkled with *bon mots*, vivacious recollections of friend and foe, and genialities of the stage. The Eighteenth Century becomes alive again in this miscellany, and we see it in all its stateliness and frivolity, its love of play-going and its Johnsonese. We gain a clear and distinct impression of Garrick, his ways and manners, his exquisite voice and elocution, his personal airiness and irrepressibleness, his vanity, and his stinginess. Around him revolve stars of lesser magnitude, feminine and masculine—Margaret Woffington and Mrs. Clive, Barry and Foote, Henderson and Quin, Fanny Abington and 'fair frail' Bellamy, Hallam, Thomas Sheridan and Tate Wilkinson. These and others—fifteen in all—are briefly but swiftly sketched, each sketch followed by its delightful tag of anecdote often more telling than the most elaborate description. Mr. Hutton does not appear in this volume, but Mr. Matthews writes of Samuel Foote and Thomas Sheridan. Austin Dobson devotes three short papers to Mrs. Clive, Garrick and Mrs. Woffington, and Walter Herries Pollock writes of Spranger Barry and his wife and John Henderson. Lewis Hallam is assigned to Edward Eggleston, and Tate Wilkinson and Charles Macklin to William Archer. Robert W. Lowe and Percy Fitzgerald complete the list of contributors to Vol. I. The book is charmingly got up, and cannot fail to be a delight to the theatre-lover. The succeeding volumes will be looked for with impatience.

Whittier's Latest Poems.*

'H. H.,' IN one of her charming bits of travel, tells of the Norwegian twilight—a strange illuminated dusk, which lingers late into the midnight and bathes the Norwegian fjords with silvery obscurity. In this dusk all things loom—all things have a touch of translucency and transfiguration; and the great mountain forms, like Wordsworth's 'primal truths,' lift themselves aloft like stars. A beautiful amphibious light—half angelic, half human, altogether touching. 'St. Gregory's Guest' (which is dedicated to Gen. S. C. Armstrong, of Hampton, Va.) reminds us of this Norwegian twilight—the twilight of a sweet and reverent spirit darkening yet clear—darkening we mean in the sense of nearing the ultimate haven; a twilight of the spirit in which the mountain forms—the Reverences, the Silences, the Eternities, as Carlyle would say—loom aloft, and shine with a

* Saint Gregory's Guest, and Recent Poems. By John Greenleaf Whittier. \$1. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

tender glory unknown to greener and more turbulent youth. How like, one might quaintly exclaim, is the author of 'St. Gregory's Guest' to a sumpter-mule climbing almost inaccessible heights with his pack of gold! In his old age the melodious voices of his youth still haunt him: he sings the same solemn verities, though in lines less quick, pulsating and ardent. The eighteen pieces of the new volume commemorate religious or exalted themes: 'The Two Elizabeths,' 'Hymns of the Brahmo Somaj,' 'The Light that is Felt,' 'Revelation' and 'The Homestead.' At nearly four-score the twilight may be more perspicacious than the noon-day, when there is so much refraction, glitter and mirage; moral truths come out with singular clearness; trivialities and the accidental schisms in which one's atom of shining and indestructible crystal is imbedded fall away, and there is left merely the immortal residuum. How comforting are such faith and certainty as we find in this exquisitely manufactured book. The author has gone from his glad spring through the 'high light' of his long and mellow summer into his lingering autumn; and now at dusk there is more than light: there is illumination, such as hangs high up on the Norwegian *saters* long after the sun is down. May the black hand to come be as brief as that which cleaves dusk from dawn—the lucescent eternities—in Norway!

Henry George's "Protection and Free-Trade."

AGAIN Henry George sends forth a book in opposition to the private ownership of land. This time the starting-point of his argument is the debate between protection and free-trade. He appears as the champion of free-trade, in which he thoroughly believes, but which he would carry forward to what he regards as a more logical conclusion. He maintains that free-trade did not originate in Great Britain, but that, in reality, the doctrine of protection had in that country its most perfect development and expression. The reaction against protection, which was once the universal practice, began in France, 'among a school of eminent men headed by Quesney, who were true free-traders,' and who 'wished to sweep away not merely protective duties, but all taxes, direct and indirect, save a single tax upon land values.' Mr. George calls for an unrestricted opportunity for production as the sort of free-trade which labor now stands in need of, and which cannot be had by the free-trade methods of the Cobden school. His theory does not include the equal distribution of land, or anything which is distinctly socialistic in its character. On this subject he uses the following emphatic language: 'To make a re-division of land every year, or to treat land as a common, where no one could claim the exclusive use of any particular piece, would only be practicable where men lived in movable tents and made no permanent improvements, and would effectually prevent any advance beyond such a state.' His theory does not involve the owning of all land by the state, in any other manner than that it shall be taxed to the full amount of its rental value. When this result is produced there will be no advantage in owning land except one chooses to use it for purposes of production, and it will at once be turned over to those who wish to devote it to some practical purpose. Mr. George would have two kinds of taxes: taxes on ostentation, and taxes on the value of land. Everything else he would leave perfectly free; and this is what he means by free-trade. 'Thus the principle of free-trade requires that we should not merely abolish all indirect taxes, but that we should abolish as well all direct taxes on things that are the produce of labor; that we should, in short, give full play to the natural stimulus to production—the possession and enjoyment of the things produced—by imposing no tax whatever upon the production, accumulation or possession of wealth (*i. e.*, things produced by labor), leaving every one free to make, exchange, give, spend or bequeath.'

* Protection and Free Trade. An Examination of the Tariff Question, with Especial Regard to the Interests of Labor. By Henry George. New York: Henry George & Co.

Before reaching his own special theory Mr. George makes a strong argument in favor of free-trade, though he criticises it severely from time to time. He shows why the people believe in protection, and what is the real strength of that economic theory. He writes in his usually smooth and flowing style; for he is certainly a most accomplished and attractive writer of strong English. He is not only the author of the present book, but also its publisher. He is hereafter to publish all his own works; and besides those already given to the public he announces 'A Primer of Political Economy,' 'Essays and Addresses' and Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' with introduction, notes and critical comments. In his chapter on 'Protection and Wages' Mr. George takes the side of an international copyright, even though he has become a publisher. He points out the utter inconsistency of a protectionist party refusing this protection to American authors; and he thus states the reason for their refusal:—'Congress, which year after year has been maintaining a heavy tariff, on the hypocritical plea of protecting American labor, has steadily refused the bare justice of acceding to an international copyright which would prevent American publishers from stealing the work of foreign authors, and enable American authors not only to meet foreign authors on fair terms at home, but to get payment for their books when reprinted in foreign countries. An international copyright, demanded as it is by honor, by morals and by every dictate of patriotic policy, has always been opposed by the protective interest. Could anything more clearly show that the real motive of protection is always the profit of the employing capitalist, never the benefit of labor?'

Some Recent Text-Books.

FOR special students, special vocabularies, is the cry at present. The translation of Grein's 'Handy Anglo-Saxon Dictionary,' or 'word-treasury' of the Anglo-Saxon poetry, with the improvements introduced by Dr. Groschopp, is just what is needed for the present by students of Anglo-Saxon and early English. How long it will be available is another matter: very soon the demand will come for definitions much fuller and supplied with references to other languages much more liberally than is this. The professors of the universities at Lexington, Va., and Nashville, Tenn.—Messrs. James A. Harrison and William M. Baskervill—have done their part of the work with the thoroughness one might expect from their previous books. Especially is the outline of Anglo-Saxon Grammar supplied by Prof. Baskervill useful in connection with the vocabulary. Some additions to the latter have been made, and everything done to make the volume a compact and workmanlike tool for the philologist and the student of the origins of the English language. (A. S. Barnes & Co.)

Two new volumes have been added to the Epochs Series—one of ancient, the other of modern history. Charles Sankey's 'Spartan and Theban Supremacies' comes to fill the gap between Mr. Cox's 'Athenian Empire' and Mr. Custer's 'Rise of the Macedonian Empire'—a period lacking in interest and importance, except for the career of Epaminondas, one of the very noblest of the Grecian statesmen. One is disappointed to find that this hero occupies so small a space in the volume, only 60 pages out of 224 being devoted to the Theban hegemony, an amount of space well enough proportioned to the time occupied by this hegemony, but hardly that due to so critical a period of ten years. The volume in the modern series is by the original editor of the series, Mr. Edward E. Morris, now Professor in the University of Melbourne. It is on 'The Early Hanoverians,' and covers the period from the treaty of Utrecht to that of Aix-la-Chapelle, a period during which England probably touched bottom, so far as public spirit and public character are concerned. Nevertheless Mr. Morris shows that the long peace under George I. was a great boon to England, and entitles Sir Robert Walpole to gratitude, even if public morality suffered under his administration. England recuperated her resources during these years: the rebellion of '45 rekindled a sentiment of patriotism; and then things were ripe for the new life inspired by Pitt, and the great empire created by him. Both volumes are illustrated with numerous maps and plans; that of the Early Hanoverians with excellent genealogical tables, also.

PROF. GEORGE P. FISHER'S 'Outlines of Universal History' (New York: Ivison & Co.) is a thoroughly satisfactory book. We cannot think that it will be found suited to either of the purposes mentioned on the title-page—not 'as a text-book,' for no class could or should be carried through these six hundred pages of historical detail; nor 'for private reading,' if that means to be read as a whole, for no person can read to advantage a book which consists so largely as this of a succession of bare historical statements, with endless names and dates. For detached reading, on the other hand—that is, for the reading up of special points and special periods, in the way of reference—it is in every way admirable, being well arranged, clearly expressed, accurate, and philosophical in its tone. For a book of its class, we do not know of any in English so good. There are a number of good maps and genealogical tables, and an index which is generally full and accurate.—MISS SHELDON'S 'Studies in General History' (Ginn & Co.) deserves to be examined with care by every teacher of history. It will not be found suitable to every class or every teacher; indeed, like all original methods, it requires a degree of intelligence and knowledge on the part of the teacher which cannot be expected in the majority of the members of that hard-worked profession. But we do not know any text-book in history, designed so skilfully to make the scholars think, and to not merely give them historical facts, but introduce them to the life of historical periods. This, too, has maps of a high degree of merit, and a multitude of illustrations which really illustrate, being carefully selected for their capacity to instruct.

Minor Notices

SUCH readers, juvenile or adult, as take kindly to the method of conveying instruction by means of fable or allegory, will be delighted with Maurice Noel's 'Buz, or The Life and Adventures of a Honey Bee.' (Henry Holt & Co.) Well imagined, attractively written, full of sprightly colloquies, with here and there a spice of adventure, and every incident made as realistic as possible, the story is one of the best of its class. Its perusal must lead many to a greater interest in, and a closer observation of, the habits of those patterns of industry who have so often served to point a moral and adorn a tale. It is an English book, put into most tasteful dress by the American publishers.

'VERSES: Translations from the German, and Hymns,' by the Rev. Dr. W. H. Furness (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a pretty paper-parchment covered volume of 88 pages, two-thirds of which are taken up with translations from Schiller, Chamisso, Gerok, Heine and Uhland. Deservedly, Schiller's 'Song of the Bell' has the prominent place, and often as this famous piece has been experimented upon, we doubt if a more spirited rendering, or one presenting more successfully the real intent of the original, can be found. Dr. Furness possesses that rare poetic insight so essential to the accurate transfer of a poet's thought into a foreign tongue. This gift is apparent not only in the initial poem, but in the shorter ones which follow. Chamisso's pathetic series of tableaux, 'Woman's Love and Life,' Heine's weird 'Lorelei,' Uhland's thrilling 'Minstrel's Curse,' and other more or less familiar verses, all receive fresh beauty and expressiveness from the touch of this master hand. The two dozen original hymns, of various dates from 1822 to 1881, while betokening a deep spirituality, and consonant with the soul's most devotional moods, are in no wise remarkable. Indeed, to write a hymn requires no great amount of genius. That some of these have found their way into the church service, and have become favorites, only shows that Dr. Furness can do what hundreds of verse-makers have done as cleverly.

THE simple, unadorned narratives of the Bible have been wrought over many a time and oft, and have again and again, with proper expansion and embellishment, served as groundwork and superstructure of discourse, or treatise, or volume. Yet each new presentation of these familiar scenes and events, though it can make no claim to originality, is, if a creditable piece of work, sure of a welcome from all religiously-inclined readers, particularly the large class who depend upon extraneous aids to prompt their imagination. Bishop Alfred Lee's 'Eventful Nights in Bible History' (Harper & Brothers) is more than creditable—it is positively excellent. The reverend author has selected from the Old Testament fifteen, and from the New Testament seventeen, notable nights, whose occurrences he portrays in eloquent paragraphs, and whose lessons he enforces with fervid impressiveness. 'The Night of the Exodus,' 'The Overthrow of Midian,' 'Saul at Endor,' 'Belshazzar's Feast,' 'The

Visit of Nicodemus,' 'Easter Eve and Morn,' 'The Prison at Philippi'—these titles will suggest the general range of topics. The discourses are written in a pleasant, flowing style, and while not aiming to furnish exhaustive comments upon the texts, are yet sufficiently expository to leave no difficulty untouched. They abound in beautiful passages; yet no merely rhetorical effects are sought after, or allowed to obscure the author's earnest practical purpose. 'No Night There' is the fitting and admirably presented theme of the closing chapter.

'WHEN I was in London, in the fifties,' writes a Brooklyn friend, 'I used to have a great fancy for running around the by-lanes and corners, and of hunting up places of historical or literary interest that the guide-books barely mention and that few travellers go to see. Among my haunts was an old, low-ceiled tavern, with a sanded floor two feet below the level of the sidewalk. I used to go there and drink "alf and alf," and try to bring up images of the wits of the last century, who used to sit in that same room and drink "alf and alf" too. One day an image materialized; for while I was sitting beside a table, with my pewter pot half emptied, I observed that a large man in a cloak had entered. His face was round, pale and heavy, but the eyes were bright and his bushy eyebrows slid up and down with quick changes of expression. He sat down at the table next to mine, and directly a waiter came in with a big plate of bread and cheese and a glass of ale, and set it before him. He ate and drank heartily, and after finishing his lunch sat upright and rested his hands on a heavy cane. I could see only his back; but from occasional movements of his head, such as a man makes when he is arguing in earnest, I surmised that he was doing some pretty hard thinking. Suddenly he reached for his empty glass and hurled it on the floor with all his strength, smashing it into shivers. He sat for a minute longer, then got up slowly, "tipped" the waiter, paid his reckoning at the bar, and passed out. He had not uttered a word. The waiter got a broom, swept up the pieces of glass and cleared the table. I asked him if the gentleman's intellect was a little in need of repair. "Oh, no, sir," said he. "That's nothink unusual with 'im, sir. W'y, he's broke maybe a 'undred glahsses since he's been a-comin' to this 'ouse. 'E don't know it when 'e does it. 'E's a-thinkin', and it seems like as he got mad at somethink 'e was thinkin' about." "Who is he?" "Lord Macaulay, sir."

Mr. Browning's Great Puzzle, Again.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

As a profound admirer of Robert Browning, I am utterly weary, as it seems to me most people must be, of the endless bother over his poetry by writers who insist upon telling everybody that they cannot understand it; a personal fact to which they are apt to attach undue importance and for which they are also apt, perhaps as naturally as erroneously, to lay the blame on the poet. I have more than once been tempted to try my pen in comment upon some of Mr. Browning's innumerable commentators, but a sense of how abundantly able is his poetry to stand upon its own merits, and a sense of my own inability to effect anything of importance, have hitherto restrained me.

When, however, the comment is upon 'Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came,' a poem for which I have a deeper and keener personal affection than for any other poem in the language, and to which individually I owe more moral inspiration than to any other product of modern literature, I find it hard to be silent. Mrs. Sutherland Orr (in whose 'Handbook to Robert Browning's Works'—that most exquisitely perfect piece of Philistine stupidity extant in any literature—the poet has suffered the worst that man may do to him) declares herself 'reduced to taking the poem as a simple work of fancy, built up of picturesque impressions, which have separately or collectively produced themselves in the author's mind,' although she adds vaguely that it is in some sort 'a poetic vision of life.' Mrs. Sutherland Orr would never see a meaning that was not printed beside a poem in small capitals, and most explicitly at that. To suggest to her that the poem was a work of imagination rather than fancy would mean nothing to her because of the existence of the former faculty she has not the smallest conception. If Mr. Browning had said at the close of 'Childe Roland,' 'I mean this as an allegorical representation of the difficulties of getting a card to Lady Tomnoddy's ball,' or, 'This symbolizes the dangers of a hunting excursion in Ireland,' she would have been perfectly satisfied, and untroubled by the faintest suspicion of being quizzed.

Mr. J. Esten Cooke's attitude, as set forth in his paper in THE CRITIC of last week, is perfectly manly and modest, but I trust I may be treated leniently if I say the poem does not to me present the same difficulties as to him. And the difficulty with him, as with most people who stumble over Browning, seems to be a forgetting of the prime principle, that the essential quality of the highest poetry is that it says something that can be said in no other way. Much light song sings more prettily, more gracefully, more agreeably, what might be set forth in the phrases of prose; but poetry of the highest order—the poetry of imagination—does more than this. Its *raison d'être* is that it has a message of which it is at once the substance and the vehicle; it is the only form possible for the poetical thought, for it is the form which that thought has spontaneously produced; and labor is lost in trying by paraphrase and elaboration to elucidate, express or explain what the poet has said, not alone in the best, but in the only possible form. It would be idle, therefore, for any one, no matter how gifted, to attempt to set down in any words but those of the poem itself what is the intent of 'Childe Roland'; and however interesting an allegorical interpretation like that offered by Mr. Cooke may be, it must from the nature of the case be unsatisfactory—as he confesses he finds his.

Yet, despite all that has been said, it is sometimes possible to give a clue that helps another into the poet's mood; so, without meaning to analyse, to expound, and least of all to explain a poem from which I would fain keep my hands as reverently as from the Ark, I ask the poet's pardon for saying that to me 'Childe Roland' is the most supreme expression of noble allegiance to an ideal—the most absolute faithfulness to a principle regardless of all else; perhaps I cannot better express what I mean than by saying the most thrilling crystallization of that most noble of human sentiments, of which a bright flower is the motto *Noblesse oblige*.

Ineffable weariness—that state when the cripple's skull-like laugh ceased to irritate, that most profound condition of lassitude, when even trifles cannot vex—begins the poem; with glimpses behind of the long experience of one who has seen hope die, effort fade and—worse than all—enthusiasm waste, until even success seemed valueless. A state of exhaustion so utter that nothing but an end, even though it be failure, could arouse even the phantom of a desire. Then negative objective desolation, so to say; dreariness around in landscape, starved foliage, and on up to the loathsome horse. Then subjective misery; a failure of the very memories which in sheer desperation the hero calls up to strengthen him in an hour whose awful numbness stupefies him. Then, when once more relief is sought outside, impressions that are positively disheartening; a suggestion of conflict that brings an overwhelming impression that all the powers of evil actively pervade this place; then—the Round Tower!

What does it matter what the tower signifies—whether it be this, that or the other? If the poem means anything, it means, I am sure, everything in this line. The essential thing is that, after a lifetime pledged to this—whatever the ideal be—the opportunity has come after a cumulative series of disheartenments, and more than all amid an overwhelming sense that failure must be certain where so many have failed; where nature and unseen foes and the ghosts of all his baffled comrades stand watching for his destruction, where defeat is certain and its ignominy already cried aloud by the winds of heaven. And the sublime climax comes in the constancy of the hero:

In a sheet of flame
I saw them and I knew them all. And yet
Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set.
And blew.

The nominal issue of the conflict is no matter, because the real issue is here; with the universe against him, with the realization of all this, dauntless he gives his challenge!

The whole poem is a series of cumulative effects, of which the end is a fitting climax. One cannot read it without a tingling in every fibre of his being, and a stinging doubt whether in such a case he might not have been found wanting. I cannot conceive of anything more complete, more noble, more inspiring. Heaven forbid that any one should so mistake what I have written as to suppose I think I have 'explained' 'Childe Roland.' I have already said that I believe the meaning of the poem could be put in no other words than those of Mr. Browning; and what I have said does not even attempt to convey a hundredth part of what that glorious poem means to me. Mr. Browning himself very likely would smile at what I have written; but I hope the smile might have in it more of tolerance than of anger.

BOSTON, April 26th, 1886.

ARLO BATES.

The Stream in the Woods.

BRIGHT stream, that wanders here and there,
Laughing the whole day long,
Your voice across the woodland calls
Like a remembered song.

Here, as of yore, the beeches spread,
And grass and flowers are sweet,
Where oft your hasting waters ran
Across my childish feet.

A golden time! I knew it not
In those far days of old;
But left the field and left the stream,
To seek for other gold.

Oh, dear to me your sunlit wave,
And dear the leafy shore;
But you have borne upon your tide
That which returns no more!

JULIE K. WETHERILL.

A Complete Edition of Hamilton.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In your recent review of Vols. I.-VI. of Lodge's edition of Hamilton's Works, there is a statement which is curiously ill-advised and misleading for the columns of the usually accurate CRITIC. Your reviewer speaks of our edition as being an 'abridgment of Hamilton's Works,' and goes on to say that 'the complete edition is the large and costly one issued by John C. Hamilton.' The enclosed prospectus, a copy of which was sent to you with the first volume of the set, states explicitly not only that Mr. Lodge's edition is to be complete, but that it is the first complete edition ever issued. Neither in the announcement, nor in the six volumes you have thus far received, is there the slightest foundation for the assumption of your reviewer that our set is 'an abridgment.' One of the most important grounds for its preparation was the fact that the set edited by Mr. J. C. Hamilton was not only avowedly incomplete, but that the papers and letters contained in it had, in a number of instances, been subjected to material modifications before being printed, and these volumes could not be utilized as 'copy' for our edition until a very considerable amount of expensive collating with the original manuscripts had been done. The old set was issued in seven octavo volumes, while our present edition is to be completed in nine—a detail which gives some indication of the extent of the material now for the first time printed. The erroneous statements referred to are of no particular business importance, as the subscription list for our limited edition has for some months been filled, and the sets have already appreciated in price; but the correction is nevertheless due to our subscribers as well as to ourselves.

NEW YORK, April 29th, 1886.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

The Fine Arts

The Society of American Artists.

In holding their eighth annual exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where the lighting and certain other arrangements are far better than in any downtown gallery, and where the visitor may be prepared by the beautiful natural scenery of the park to enjoy what is good in their display, the American Artists have certainly acted with judgment. In limiting the total number of their exhibits to little more than one hundred, they have also done well. The result is that never was an exhibition of American paintings more interesting in itself or more satisfactorily placed before the public than this. It occupies the larger western gallery above the main hall of the Museum, which it fills comfortably, without crowding. The Society have always been noted for intelligent hanging of the pictures which they accept, and this time it is really a pleasure to enter the big room in which every canvas seems to have grown into its place. They are good pictures, too; and, while most of them evidently belong to the orthodox modern French

school of painting, there are observable in some a few Americanisms, if we may so speak, which are at least acceptable as evidence of independence of spirit.

There are none of those very large canvases which look so out of place in small collections, but plenty that are large enough to show life-sized figures. The best of these are portraits, of which the most noticeable are William Chase's full-length pastel of a young lady in white against a black background, and John Sargent's portrait of a lady. The latter shows that the stories which have reached us of Mr. Sargent's decline and fall are ridiculously untrue. It is a vivid, bold and withal a beautiful piece of work. There has surely been no flattering of the model, and yet it is a very agreeable personality that is presented to us. Much might be said if space allowed of the delicate though effective rendering of tones in the pink flowers and the flesh, the white satin and black velvet, even in the lustre of the pearls and the flashing of the diamonds which the lady wears—no vulgar blots of white paint, but, relatively to the other colors, the real tint and intensity of light of diamonds and of pearls. For refinement of feeling, Abbott Thayer's portrait of a mother with her child in her lap comes next; for sound workmanship, Mr. Fitz's old woman seated, which he calls 'Rest.' Other good portraits are Alden Weir's of R. H. Stoddard, Lowell Dyer's young lady in black walking costume, Caroline Hecker's girl in white with pink feather fan, and Miss E. S. Sackett's 'Study.' It is but one step from these to the single figure study, such as Miss Mary Trotter's 'Breton Peasant Girl,' with a bundle of beech loppings under her arm—an excellent piece of work. Much more ambitious but much less satisfactory are Kenyon Cox's two attempts at the ideal nude figure, 'Evening' and 'Vision of Moonrise.' Mr. Cox affects a certain brightness and rawness of color quite distinct from brilliancy or purity. He revels in angular and awkward composition. He has yet to learn a great deal about the painting of the figure—more than he is likely to acquire in several years. Yet he is talented and sincere, and no doubt will work out his salvation somehow. Another unsatisfactory work, hard, intense and weak, is George de Forest Brush's 'Before the Battle.' It looks like an early attempt; still, we are surprised that the artist should exhibit it.

In landscape the exhibition is full of twilight and diffused light effects; there are very few attempts at full sunlight. J. W. Alexander's hazy, Indian summer landscape, No. 1, looks like a direct impression from nature. Reginald Coxe's paintings of breakers, Nos. 37 and 38, are less clever but are promising. E. M. Taber's landscape, No. 107—giving a glimpse of the village of Stowe, Vermont—may also be qualified as less clever, though more promising because more modest. Walter Palmer's 'River Shore' deserves the same commendation. John R. Stites's rocks near Kingsbridge and D. W. Tryon's Dartmouth moorlands are capital studies. Joe Evans displays a small and creditable canvas, showing a leafless tree relieved against a wintry sky. Among the landscapes with figures Donoho's 'La Coupe de Bois,' an old wood-cutter at work in the forest, is the best. Miss Emma Chadwick's girl picking water-lilies is also very good, and Rosina Emmet's 'Happy Autumn Fields,' with a little girl in yellow, may be mentioned as a pretty bit of conventionalism. There are at least two good still-life pictures—'Turkies,' by Matilda Brown, and a handsome collection of pots and pans by some one whose name, not being accustomed to reading hieroglyphics, we could not make out. It is No. 98. There are interesting specimens of sculpture by St. Gaudens, Elwell, Natorp, O'Donovan and Warner.

Art Notes.

THERE was a private view yesterday of the examples of American painting and sculpture contributed to the second Prize Fund Exhibition, now open at the American Art Galleries.

—The sale of the private collection of pictures, *bric-à-brac*,

etc., of Mr. Fletcher Harper took place on April 27th, 28th and 29th. The Oriental porcelains, jades and other objects of art were all interesting, and some of them were of considerable value. The collection of oils included works by many American and European artists. Especially good were examples of Vibert, Rossi, Delort, Marchetti, Chelmonski and Madrazo. A collection of black-and-whites by American illustrators formed a feature of the exhibition and sale. Among the noticeable American pictures were Chase's 'Jester' and Inness's 'Valley of the Shadow of Death.'

—Some interesting portraits were on exhibition at Ortgies' gallery previous to their sale on Wednesday, April 28th. They were included in the Fearing Collection. There was a portrait of C. L. Elliott by himself, and others by the same painter of N. P. Willis, Kneeland, Washington Irving, and the artist's father and wife. An Italian landscape by George Inness, a landscape (fine in color) by Homer Martin, and a large work by John Lafarge, were among the strong pictures of the collection. A collection of old masters on exhibition at the same gallery at the same time included a couple of charming Greuzes, a Watteau group, a figure of a lady, of the school of Da Vinci, and the 'Gipsy Girl' of Gainsborough. These works bore a stamp of something like authenticity.

The Lounger

I MET a happy man last Monday—Mr. C. B. Foote, of the banking and broking firm of Hatch & Foote. He had not just made a stroke in Wall Street (at least he didn't mention it, if he had); but he had made an acquisition that seemed to give him unmixed pleasure. It was something portable, and he carried it with him; and when I met him he uncovered it, and behold!—a volume bearing on its title-page the legend 'An Abridgment of Ainsworth's Dictionary, English and Latin, Designed for the Use of Schools.' The imprint was that of Uriah Hunt, 44 North 4th Street, Philadelphia. There was no date, but the pages of the book and its sheepskin covers were alike discolored with age. I knew that Mr. Foote was a book-lover, and I knew that book-lovers often fixed their affections on objects which to a layman seemed unworthy of their love; but for the life of me I couldn't account for the collector's gratification at possessing a rusty copy of Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary.

THE mystery was soon explained, however, when he turned to the back of the book, and drew from its resting-place a fly-leaf that had been detached some time before. It was time-stained like the other pages, and I could see that there was writing on it; and turning it over, I saw at the foot of the manuscript the signature 'E. A. P.' This, then, was the poem—'Leonanie'—printed years ago in the Kokomo (Ind.) *Dispatch*, and reprinted in THE CRITIC of April 10th, with a letter attributing it to Edgar Allan Poe, and relating the circumstances under which it came to be written. No sooner had Mr. Foote read the communication in these columns than he wrote to the editor of the *Dispatch*, who put him in communication with the family of the inn-keeper at Chesterfield, near Richmond, Va., to whom the old dictionary belonged. The result was that the volume came speedily into its present owner's hands.

MR. FOOTE is a collector of manuscripts, early editions, etc., of American authors, and amongst other literary treasures and curiosities possesses certain autographs of Poe. He has compared his latest acquisition with these, and is convinced of its authenticity. Moreover, he has shown it to Mr. E. C. Stedman, who has made a special study of Poe, and who writes concerning 'Leonanie':—'Very curious and interesting, and at least five to one that it is a genuine holograph of Poe's. I have seen many real, and some counterfeit, Poe MSS. The poem is unquestionably by Poe, *me judice*; and I believe the handwriting is also.' Mr. Foote is particularly gratified by this discovery, as he has found Poe manuscripts and first editions harder to get than those of any other American writer. He has not only advertised widely for them, but has sent out some 40,000 postal-cards, with little or no result.

THERE seems to have been some bad management at the beginning of the exhibition of the Society of American Artists. Friday of last week was 'varnishing day,' and a limited number of tickets was issued inviting the recipients to be present at certain specified hours. This invitation was printed on the card, and the name of the artist who issued the invitation was signed

to it, as a further assurance that all was right. I know of two or three persons who, on presenting these cards at the gallery door, were confronted by an officer of the Society, who said that the tickets should not have been issued for that day, and requested the holders to retire. In one instance they declined to do so, and succeeded in persuading the gentleman at the door that it would be obviously unfair to let them go out to Eighty-third Street on a wild-geese chase. The Society should do one of two things: either honor its invitations, or not issue them.

A LADY who has been much disturbed by hearing it said that the Rev. E. E. Hale is not an approachable man, sends me the following from the letter of her niece, who, out of friendship for the popular writer and clergyman, gives part of her time to helping him in his work:

I was at Mr. Hale's to-day from eleven to one o'clock. He receives an immense number of letters on all sorts of subjects, particularly charity undertakings, and we register them for him (I with three other girls) in a blank-book, so that he can refer to them at any time. He is very methodical; he is, indeed, a wonderful man, and you can realize the vast amount of work he does, by sitting an hour in the room with him and hearing ring after ring at the front door. One man wants a place as coachman; then comes a woman wishing a letter of introduction; and I could fill a page with the different requests, all listened to with so much patience, and immediately attended to.

I HAD the pleasure the other day of seeing some of Mr. Kenyon Cox's illustrations for Rossetti's 'Beautiful Damosel' which Dodd, Mead & Co. will bring out as a holiday book. Mr. Cox has not gone thoroughly through the book, but has made such illustrations as the spirit moved him to make first. For example, he has made the title-page (a beautiful one it is) and the end picture—the Damosel herself, with her head buried in her arms, shedding the tears that were heard to fall. He has put his best work into these pictures, and they are wonderfully decorative and pretty too. When the book is finished it will have twelve full-page illustrations, besides the titles, head- and tail-pieces and some pen-and-ink drawings scattered through the text. The cover will also be designed by the artist. There is something very attractive to me in the idea of a book illustrated by a single artist, for he naturally takes more interest than he would if others shared the work.

Magazine Notes

The New Princeton succeeds admirably in combining readability with thoughtfulness and dignity. The May number is the best yet. Literature is represented by T. M. Coan, writing on 'Wordsworth's Passion,' F. N. Zabriskie on 'The Novel of Our Times,' and a character-sketch entitled 'Botany Bay' by Annie T. Slosson. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt does the political, with his paper on Civil Service Reform. Philology is treated theoretically by M. A. Starr in an article on 'Speech: Its Mental and Physical Elements,' and practically in a defence of 'Deliver us from evil' in the Lord's Prayer, from the hand of one whom we all delight to honor—George Bancroft. Mr. C. L. Brace writes with knowledge, but perhaps a trifle too much confidence, on 'Egyptian Monotheism,' and General Howard draws War pictures with the 'Freedmen' for chief figures. There are the usual Criticisms, Notes, and Reviews, a Record of the chief events of the last three or four months, and a full Analytical Index to the three numbers which make up Volume I. It may be set down that this volume has 'scored.'

The May *Century* is a very fine one. Mr. Smalley's article on 'The Flour Mills of Minneapolis' brings vividly to mind a city which, even after attaining its aim in life, which was to out-strip St. Paul, keeps up a magnificent hum of energy that makes the chance visitor from the languid East feel as Æneas did on approaching Carthage. The story of the mills themselves reads like a fairy-tale; not only because of the wonderful inventions for facilitating processes, but because these processes are so purely automatic that it might well seem some Lob-Lie-by-the-Fire, unseen but omnipotent, must be doing all the work. Unless the barrels should strike, and refuse to be headed, the owners of the mills have little to fear from the few workmen necessary to the scheme, and so complete is the progress of the wheat-berry to the flour-barrel, that it is a wonder they don't concentrate the whole thing at Minneapolis, with conservatories at one end for raising the wheat, and boarding-houses at the other to eat up the bread.—One passes readily from this description of ministry to our physical needs to Rev. T. T.

Munger's admirable paper on our spiritual necessities; for Mr. Munger's text, 'the end of a process cannot be identified with the process,' establishing the belief that Evolution is no foe to eternal life, carries us back momentarily to the article we have just read and the remembrance that the beautifully perfected flour was but the beginning of the true mission of the wheat-berry. The War papers are more than usually interesting to the average reader; not because of the relative importance of the events, but because they are described with the large, generous, free-hand drawing which is more acceptable to most of us than multiplicity of detail. There is a dash and rapidity in Gen. McClellan's report of his movements which the world does not associate with his remembered campaigns; and it is more than ever convincing that he tacitly shows those movements when he did dare to take a glorious risk to have been more fruitful of results than all his remarkable 'organizing.' Mrs. Van Rensselaer writes of country dwellings, Taliesin Evans of the Lick Observatory, and E. S. Starr of fancy pigeons, while Julian Hawthorne contributes a valuable essay on his father's philosophy. It is a pleasure to find, too, one of Clarence King's delightful sketches, 'The Helmet of Mambrino.'

Both serials in *Lippincott's* are pleasant reading, but both the short stories belong to the exaggerated extravagance which is almost too imaginative to serve even as a foil to realism. Joel Benton writes with appreciation of Thoreau's poetry, adding to the impression that what was fine in Thoreau after all was his occasional likeness to ordinary humanity, rather than his singularities. Austin Dobson contributes some graceful verse. Mrs. James Brown Potter, in the Experience Meetings, gives her impressions of amateur elocution, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in a page or two really quite charming in its naïveté, makes a terrible revelation as to the pecuniary success of what she confesses to be bad writing. She has been in the habit, it seems, of writing frequently eight poems a day, and all of them seem to have been accepted.

The Forum for May holds its own with the best. The leading article is again political—a critical, but on the whole hopeful, paper on 'The Experiment of Popular Government,' by Charles T. Congdon. President Barnard furnishes the educational autobiography for this month, Edward Cary explains why he would vote for Mr. Cleveland again, and Lieut. Greely writes calmly, but decidedly, in favor of Arctic explorations. Mr. Parton has a paper on 'Victor Hugo as a Citizen,' and John F. Hume a (will he pardon us?) wild advocacy of 'fiat' money; Mr. M. D. Conway talks about Mme. Blavatsky and her confederates and their joint impositions; while Mr. W. A. Croft and Mr. L. F. Post pass half-a-dozen thrusts over the Rights of Laborers. The keenest article in the number is the Rev. J. W. Chadwick's reply to Bishop Cox on 'Cremation.' A second edition of this number has been called for.

Four Doctors of Divinity on the cover of *The Andover Review* for May might make one apprehensive, if this magazine had not proved itself seaworthy, and if it did not speedily grow clear that these are not such articles as swamp a magazine. Dr. J. H. W. Stuckenberg writes on 'Liberal Education in Germany'; Dr. T. M. Post tempers the excessive zeal of Mr. Garrison's biographers; Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke, Jr., has a manly and buoyant article on Samuel Johnson, under the title of 'A Sturdy Christian'; and Dr. Langdon continues his series of papers on 'Possibilities of Religious Reform in Italy.' Besides the usual editorials and book-notices there is a bit of Assyrian history from Prof. Paul Haupt, who describes one of Sennacherib's fights in such detail that—to borrow a now familiar sentence—'You can see a Battle with all its Horrors without going to War.'

The third of Theodore Roosevelt's hunting-papers holds the place of honor in this month's *Outing*. Its illustrations are good in one sense—that is, they appear to be photographically exact; but they might easily be better in quality and more vigorous in execution—more like Mr. Burns's frontispiece, 'The Blockade-Runner's Escape.' Mr. Stevens continues his bicycle tour of the world; and Lieut. Bigelow his pursuit of Geronimo. If the former makes a good trip across Asia he may be home again in time to be in with the latter at the death or capture of the troublesome Indian chief. An anonymous contributor (can it be the editor?) prints the first of a series of extracts from his informal journal of 'The Last Voyage of the Surprise'; and there is a manly poem by Robert Burns Wilson. Joseph Pennell describes the improvements that have been made in bicycles during the past year, informing us that he might, if he had time, mention four hundred varieties of the machine; and Capt. Coffin gives an account of 'A Blockade Runner under Fire.'—Norris's story, 'My Friend Jim,' in *The English Illustrated*, con-

tinues interesting, and 'The Unequal Yoke' promises equally well as a serial. 'Nell Gwynn,' by J. Fitzgerald Molloy, is an entertaining paper.

An Imperial Ode by Tennyson.

AT the opening of the Colonial Exhibition in London on Tuesday last, the following ode, written for the occasion by Lord Tennyson, was sung by an immense choir of picked voices, accompanied by orchestra and organ. The second stanza was sung in Sanskrit, as a compliment to the many Orientals in attendance. The translation was made by Prof. Max Müller. Queen Victoria, who opened the Exhibition, seemed greatly pleased by the ode, and the demonstration of enthusiastic loyalty which its singing elicited.

I.

Welcome, welcome; with one voice
In your welfare we rejoice.
Sons and brothers, that have sent
From isle and cape and continent
Produce of your field and flood,
Mount and mine, and primal wood,
Works of subtle brain and hand
And splendors of the morning land—
Gifts from every British zone;
Britons, hold your own!

II.

May we find as ages run,
The mother featured in the son;
And may yours forever be
That old strength and constancy
Which has made your fathers great
In our ancient Island State;
And where'er her flag may fly,
Glorying between sea and sky,
Make the might of Britain known;
Britons, hold your own!

III.

Britain fought her sons of yore;
Britain failed, and nevermore,
Careless of our growing kin,
Shall we sin our fathers' sin:
Men that in a narrower day—
Unprophetic rulers they—
Drove from out the mother's nest
That young eagle of the West
To forage for herself alone.
Britons, hold your own!

IV.

Sharers of our glorious past,
Brothers, must we part at last?
Shall not we, through good and ill,
Cleave to one another still?
Britain's myriad voices call:
Sons, be welded, each and all,
Into one imperial whole;
One with Britain, heart and soul,
One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne!
Britons, hold your own!
And God guard all!

Mr. Richardson, the Architect.

[The American Architect.]

WE learn with deep regret of the death of the most noted of American architects, Mr. Henry H. Richardson, who expired last Tuesday night [April 27th] at his home in Brookline, after a brief illness. Mr. Richardson was born in Louisiana in 1838 or 1839, and was therefore in the very prime of his artistic powers at the time of his decease. His short life had been in some respects an eventful one. Brought up as the petted son of a rich and distinguished Southern family, his natural capacity and ambition soon began to show themselves, and he was sent North, after his early education was completed, passing four years in college at Cambridge. Graduating at Harvard in 1859, if we recollect rightly, his artistic instinct led him to interest himself in the study of architecture, and immediately after leaving college he sailed for Europe, and entered the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris. At that time American students were rare in Paris.

Mr. R. M. Hunt had pursued the course in architecture with distinction, and had done some professional work in Paris, but had at this time, we believe, returned to America, so that Mr. Richardson found himself alone. His ability and enthusiasm however, soon made him friends among the other students, and for seven years he lived on terms of the closest intimacy with the best men in the school. He retained, of course, his pleasant relations with his American friends who visited Paris, and was happy in being able to be of service to another American student, Mr. Lindsey, of New York, who entered the school some years later, but in all other respects he was a Frenchman with his companions, sharing their ambitions and helping them in their work, and taking part in the interchange of ideas which young French artists enjoy so much. In one respect, however, he kept consistently in view his future career in his native land. Although he was soon distinguished for his cleverness, and won numerous honorable mentions in the regular *concours*, he refused to compete for any of the school medals and prizes which were open to him, preferring to exercise himself in as great a variety of work as possible, rather than devote months to the study of the single subjects assigned in the contests for prizes.

Entering the school as a rich young amateur, the work of his earlier years, although full of energy and enthusiasm, was naturally somewhat interrupted by the requirements of society, as well as by the details of the collection of a professional library, which he had begun, and was adding to with the discreet liberality of a connoisseur with ample resources. In the second year of his residence in Paris, however, the American Civil War broke out, and his communication with his family in Louisiana was soon broken off, not, however, before he had learned that the fortune of war had reduced his parents to poverty, and that he must thenceforth depend upon his own resources. This misfortune, sudden and terrible as it seemed, proved in the end the making of a great architect, as well as of a man of uncommon force of character. He found himself in a foreign city, surrounded by luxuries, but with only a few francs of ready money, and no prospect of getting any more except by his own exertions. His courage, however, soon rose to the emergency, and he prepared for the battle of life with a resolution which few men, thrown penniless upon the world, would have shown. Such books and pieces of furniture as had not been already paid for were sent back to those who sold them, and the sacrifice of a large portion of the others supplied him with the means of supporting himself for a few weeks while he looked for employment. Naturally enough, he applied first to his instructors in the school, and was rewarded for his unselfish industry during his years of opulence by the offer, made through his *patron*, M. André, who still lives to mourn his loss, of a modest position in the office of one of the Government architects, where he toiled through the long hours of a French draughtsman's day, beginning again at night with his work on his problems for the school, with which he still maintained a close connection. In this way, poor, but happy in his work, and in the affection and applause of his fellow students, the young American completed his seven years of school life. His position in the Government office had by this time improved, and he had secured what the French consider a good opening in life, but, notwithstanding the entreaties of his companions, he resolved to give up his prospects in Paris, and try his fortune once more in the country to which his deepest sympathies drew him. Returning to New York, he established himself in business, and by the slow steps which every young architect knows, he built up a reputation which has until now never ceased to brighten and increase. His first commission of importance was the Boston and Albany Railroad office-building at Springfield, a beautiful structure, of Italian Renaissance style, and he built soon afterward two churches in the same place, the North Church and the Church of the Unity. These had hardly been completed when he was invited to compete for the Brattle-Street Church, on the corner of Commonwealth Avenue and Clarendon Street in Boston, and his design for this gave him the first opportunity which he had ventured to use for the introduction of those original and striking motives which occurred to him so readily. Most of our readers know this church, which is in the Romanesque style which Mr. Richardson afterwards employed so nobly, and is adorned by a tower bearing a frieze sculptured with colossal figures. The novelty of the design pleased the judges, and it was adopted, and Mr. Richardson then, for the first time, felt his future secure enough to marry the young lady who had waited faithfully for him since he left this country for Paris.

We need not detail the succession of brilliant works which followed the Brattle-Street Church. No doubt the best-known of Mr. Richardson's buildings is Trinity Church, in Boston, where

to it, as a further assurance that all was right. I know of two or three persons who, on presenting these cards at the gallery door, were confronted by an officer of the Society, who said that the tickets should not have been issued for that day, and requested the holders to retire. In one instance they declined to do so, and succeeded in persuading the gentleman at the door that it would be obviously unfair to let them go out to Eighty-third Street on a wild-goose chase. The Society should do one of two things: either honor its invitations, or not issue them.

A LADY who has been much disturbed by hearing it said that the Rev. E. E. Hale is not an approachable man, sends me the following from the letter of her niece, who, out of friendship for the popular writer and clergyman, gives part of her time to helping him in his work:

I was at Mr. Hale's to-day from eleven to one o'clock. He receives an immense number of letters on all sorts of subjects, particularly charity undertakings, and we register them for him (I with three other girls) in a blank-book, so that he can refer to them at any time. He is very methodical; he is, indeed, a wonderful man, and you can realize the vast amount of work he does, by sitting an hour in the room with him and hearing ring after ring at the front door. One man wants a place as coachman; then comes a woman wishing a letter of introduction; and I could fill a page with the different requests, all listened to with so much patience, and immediately attended to.

I HAD the pleasure the other day of seeing some of Mr. Kenyon Cox's illustrations for Rossetti's 'Beautiful Damosel' which Dodd, Mead & Co. will bring out as a holiday book. Mr. Cox has not gone thoroughly through the book, but has made such illustrations as the spirit moved him to make first. For example, he has made the title-page (a beautiful one it is) and the end picture—the Damosel herself, with her head buried in her arms, shedding the tears that were heard to fall. He has put his best work into these pictures, and they are wonderfully decorative and pretty too. When the book is finished it will have twelve full-page illustrations, besides the titles, head- and tail-pieces and some pen-and-ink drawings scattered through the text. The cover will also be designed by the artist. There is something very attractive to me in the idea of a book illustrated by a single artist, for he naturally takes more interest than he would if others shared the work.

Magazine Notes

The New Princeton succeeds admirably in combining readableness with thoughtfulness and dignity. The May number is the best yet. Literature is represented by T. M. Coan, writing on 'Wordsworth's Passion,' F. N. Zabriskie on 'The Novel of Our Times,' and a character-sketch entitled 'Botany Bay' by Annie T. Slosson. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt does the political, with his paper on Civil Service Reform. Philology is treated theoretically by M. A. Starr in an article on 'Speech: Its Mental and Physical Elements,' and practically in a defence of 'Deliver us from evil' in the Lord's Prayer, from the hand of one whom we all delight to honor—George Bancroft. Mr. C. L. Brace writes with knowledge, but perhaps a trifle too much confidence, on 'Egyptian Monotheism,' and General Howard draws War pictures with the 'Freedmen' for chief figures. There are the usual Criticisms, Notes, and Reviews, a Record of the chief events of the last three or four months, and a full Analytical Index to the three numbers which make up Volume I. It may be set down that this volume has 'scored.'

The May *Century* is a very fine one. Mr. Smalley's article on 'The Flour Mills of Minneapolis' brings vividly to mind a city which, even after attaining its aim in life, which was to outstrip St. Paul, keeps up a magnificent hum of energy that makes the chance visitor from the languid East feel as Æneas did on approaching Carthage. The story of the mills themselves reads like a fairy-tale; not only because of the wonderful inventions for facilitating processes, but because these processes are so purely automatic that it might well seem some Loh-Lie-by-the-Fire, unseen but omnipotent, must be doing all the work. Unless the barrels should strike, and refuse to be headed, the owners of the mills have little to fear from the few workmen necessary to the scheme, and so complete is the progress of the wheat-berry to the flour-barrel, that it is a wonder they don't concentrate the whole thing at Minneapolis, with conservatories at one end for raising the wheat, and boarding-houses at the other to eat up the bread.—One passes readily from this description of ministry to our physical needs to Rev. T. T.

Munger's admirable paper on our spiritual necessities; for Mr. Munger's text, 'the end of a process cannot be identified with the process,' establishing the belief that Evolution is no foe to eternal life, carries us back momentarily to the article we have just read and the remembrance that the beautifully perfected flour was but the beginning of the true mission of the wheat-berry. The War papers are more than usually interesting to the average reader; not because of the relative importance of the events, but because they are described with the large, generous, free-hand drawing which is more acceptable to most of us than multiplicity of detail. There is a dash and rapidity in Gen. McClellan's report of his movements which the world does not associate with his remembered campaigns; and it is more than ever convincing that he tacitly shows those movements when he did dare to take a glorious risk to have been more fruitful of results than all his remarkable 'organizing.' Mrs. Van Rensselaer writes of country dwellings, Taliesin Evans of the Lick Observatory, and E. S. Starr of fancy pigeons, while Julian Hawthorne contributes a valuable essay on his father's philosophy. It is a pleasure to find, too, one of Clarence King's delightful sketches, 'The Helmet of Mambrino.'

Both serials in *Lippincott's* are pleasant reading, but both the short stories belong to the exaggerated extravaganzas which is almost too imaginative to serve even as a foil to realism. Joel Benton writes with appreciation of Thoreau's poetry, adding to the impression that what was fine in Thoreau after all was his occasional likeness to ordinary humanity, rather than his singularities. Austin Dobson contributes some graceful verse. Mrs. James Brown Potter, in the Experience Meetings, gives her impressions of amateur elocution, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in a page or two really quite charming in its *naïveté*, makes a terrible revelation as to the pecuniary success of what she confesses to be bad writing. She has been in the habit, it seems, of writing frequently eight poems a day, and all of them seem to have been accepted.

The Forum for May holds its own with the best. The leading article is again political—a critical, but on the whole hopeful, paper on 'The Experiment of Popular Government,' by Charles T. Congdon. President Barnard furnishes the educational autobiography for this month, Edward Cary explains why he would vote for Mr. Cleveland again, and Lieut. Greely writes calmly, but decidedly, in favor of Arctic explorations. Mr. Parton has a paper on 'Victor Hugo as a Citizen,' and John F. Hume a (will he pardon us?) wild advocacy of 'fiat' money; Mr. M. D. Conway talks about Mme. Blavatsky and her confederates and their joint impositions; while Mr. W. A. Croffut and Mr. L. F. Post pass half-a-dozen thrusts over the Rights of Laborers. The keenest article in the number is the Rev. J. W. Chadwick's reply to Bishop Coxe on 'Cremation.' A second edition of this number has been called for.

Four Doctors of Divinity on the cover of *The Andover Review* for May might make one apprehensive, if this magazine had not proved itself seaworthy, and if it did not speedily grow clear that these are not such articles as swamp a magazine. Dr. J. H. W. Stuckenberg writes on 'Liberal Education in Germany'; Dr. T. M. Post tempers the excessive zeal of Mr. Garrison's biographers; Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke, Jr., has a manly and buoyant article on Samuel Johnson, under the title of 'A Sturdy Christian'; and Dr. Langdon continues his series of papers on 'Possibilities of Religious Reform in Italy.' Besides the usual editorials and book-notices there is a bit of Assyrian history from Prof. Paul Haupt, who describes one of Sennacherib's fights in such detail that—to borrow a now familiar sentence—'You can see a Battle with all its Horrors without going to War.'

The third of Theodore Roosevelt's hunting-papers holds the place of honor in this month's *Outing*. Its illustrations are good in one sense—that is, they appear to be photographically exact; but they might easily be better in quality and more vigorous in execution—more like Mr. Burns's frontispiece, 'The Blockade-Runner's Escape.' Mr. Stevens continues his bicycle tour of the world; and Lieut. Bigelow his pursuit of Geronimo. If the former makes a good trip across Asia he may be home again in time to be in with the latter at the death or capture of the troublesome Indian chief. An anonymous contributor (can it be the editor?) prints the first of a series of extracts from his informal journal of 'The Last Voyage of the Surprise'; and there is a manly poem by Robert Burns Wilson. Joseph Pennell describes the improvements that have been made in bicycles during the past year, informing us that he might, if he had time, mention four hundred varieties of the machine; and Capt. Coffin gives an account of 'A Blockade Runner under Fire.'—Norris's story, 'My Friend Jim,' in *The English Illustrated*, con-

tinues interesting, and 'The Unequal Yoke' promises equally well as a serial. 'Nell Gwynn,' by J. Fitzgerald Molloy, is an entertaining paper.

An Imperial Ode by Tennyson.

AT the opening of the Colonial Exhibition in London on Tuesday last, the following ode, written for the occasion by Lord Tennyson, was sung by an immense choir of picked voices, accompanied by orchestra and organ. The second stanza was sung in Sanskrit, as a compliment to the many Orientals in attendance. The translation was made by Prof. Max Müller. Queen Victoria, who opened the Exhibition, seemed greatly pleased by the ode, and the demonstration of enthusiastic loyalty which its singing elicited.

I.

Welcome, welcome; with one voice
In your welfare we rejoice.
Sons and brothers, that have sent
From isle and cape and continent
Produce of your field and flood,
Mount and mine, and primal wood,
Works of subtle brain and hand
And splendors of the morning land—
Gifts from every British zone;
Britons, hold your own!

II.

May we find as ages run,
The mother featured in the son;
And may yours forever be
That old strength and constancy
Which has made your fathers great
In our ancient Island State;
And where'er her flag may fly,
Glorying between sea and sky,
Make the might of Britain known;
Britons, hold your own!

III.

Britain fought her sons of yore;
Britain failed, and nevermore,
Careless of our growing kin,
Shall we sin our fathers' sin:
Men that in a narrower day—
Unprophectic rulers they—
Drove from out the mother's nest
That young eagle of the West
To forage for herself alone.
Britons, hold your own!

IV.

Sharers of our glorious past,
Brothers, must we part at last?
Shall not we, through good and ill,
Cleave to one another still?
Britain's myriad voices call:
Sons, be welded, each and all,
Into one imperial whole;
One with Britain, heart and soul,
One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne!
Britons, hold your own!
And God guard all!

Mr. Richardson, the Architect.

[The American Architect.]

WE learn with deep regret of the death of the most noted of American architects, Mr. Henry H. Richardson, who expired last Tuesday night [April 27th] at his home in Brookline, after a brief illness. Mr. Richardson was born in Louisiana in 1838 or 1839, and was therefore in the very prime of his artistic powers at the time of his decease. His short life had been in some respects an eventful one. Brought up as the petted son of a rich and distinguished Southern family, his natural capacity and ambition soon began to show themselves, and he was sent North, after his early education was completed, passing four years in college at Cambridge. Graduating at Harvard in 1859, if we recollect rightly, his artistic instinct led him to interest himself in the study of architecture, and immediately after leaving college he sailed for Europe, and entered the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris. At that time American students were rare in Paris.

Mr. R. M. Hunt had pursued the course in architecture with distinction, and had done some professional work in Paris, but had at this time, we believe, returned to America, so that Mr. Richardson found himself alone. His ability and enthusiasm however, soon made him friends among the other students, and for seven years he lived on terms of the closest intimacy with the best men in the school. He retained, of course, his pleasant relations with his American friends who visited Paris, and was happy in being able to be of service to another American student, Mr. Lindsey, of New York, who entered the school some years later, but in all other respects he was a Frenchman with his companions, sharing their ambitions and helping them in their work, and taking part in the interchange of ideas which young French artists enjoy so much. In one respect, however, he kept consistently in view his future career in his native land. Although he was soon distinguished for his cleverness, and won numerous honorable mentions in the regular *concours*, he refused to compete for any of the school medals and prizes which were open to him, preferring to exercise himself in as great a variety of work as possible, rather than devote months to the study of the single subjects assigned in the contests for prizes.

Entering the school as a rich young amateur, the work of his earlier years, although full of energy and enthusiasm, was naturally somewhat interrupted by the requirements of society, as well as by the details of the collection of a professional library, which he had begun, and was adding to with the discreet liberality of a connoisseur with ample resources. In the second year of his residence in Paris, however, the American Civil War broke out, and his communication with his family in Louisiana was soon broken off, not, however, before he had learned that the fortune of war had reduced his parents to poverty, and that he must thenceforth depend upon his own resources. This misfortune, sudden and terrible as it seemed, proved in the end the making of a great architect, as well as of a man of uncommon force of character. He found himself in a foreign city, surrounded by luxuries, but with only a few francs of ready money, and no prospect of getting any more except by his own exertions. His courage, however, soon rose to the emergency, and he prepared for the battle of life with a resolution which few men, thrown penniless upon the world, would have shown. Such books and pieces of furniture as had not been already paid for were sent back to those who sold them, and the sacrifice of a large portion of the others supplied him with the means of supporting himself for a few weeks while he looked for employment. Naturally enough, he applied first to his instructors in the school, and was rewarded for his unselfish industry during his years of opulence by the offer, made through his *patron*, M. André, who still lives to mourn his loss, of a modest position in the office of one of the Government architects, where he toiled through the long hours of a French draughtsman's day, beginning again at night with his work on his problems for the school, with which he still maintained a close connection. In this way, poor, but happy in his work, and in the affection and applause of his fellow students, the young American completed his seven years of school life. His position in the Government office had by this time improved, and he had secured what the French consider a good opening in life, but, notwithstanding the entreaties of his companions, he resolved to give up his prospects in Paris, and try his fortune once more in the country to which his deepest sympathies drew him. Returning to New York, he established himself in business, and by the slow steps which every young architect knows, he built up a reputation which has until now never ceased to brighten and increase. His first commission of importance was the Boston and Albany Railroad office-building at Springfield, a beautiful structure, of Italian Renaissance style, and he built soon afterward two churches in the same place, the North Church and the Church of the Unity. These had hardly been completed when he was invited to compete for the Brattle-Street Church, on the corner of Commonwealth Avenue and Clarendon Street in Boston, and his design for this gave him the first opportunity which he had ventured to use for the introduction of those original and striking motives which occurred to him so readily. Most of our readers know this church, which is in the Romanesque style which Mr. Richardson afterwards employed so nobly, and is adorned by a tower bearing a frieze sculptured with colossal figures. The novelty of the design pleased the judges, and it was adopted, and Mr. Richardson then, for the first time, felt his future secure enough to marry the young lady who had waited faithfully for him since he left this country for Paris.

We need not detail the succession of brilliant works which followed the Brattle-Street Church. No doubt the best-known of Mr. Richardson's buildings is Trinity Church, in Boston, where

a great opportunity was magnificently used. The reputation of this building brought him so many commissions in Boston, that before its completion he removed his family to Brookline, a suburb of Boston, where he has since lived, surrounded by the friends of his youth, for whom he cherished an unchanging attachment. Toward strangers, although he was uniformly kind and courteous to the hundreds of acquaintances which he made in his business, he felt no great attraction. So long as he could work at his beloved profession, with his family around him, he cared for nothing more. Partly, perhaps, through the influence of his long residence among the French students, and partly, also, through the effect of the dangerous and often distressing infirmity which harassed him for nearly thirty years, and interferred in many ways with his activity, Mr. Richardson's natural eagerness and enthusiasm had, during the years of his professional life, become concentrated into a passionate love of architectural art, which left little room in his thoughts for anything else besides his wife and children, to whom he was always tenderly devoted. It was this intense enthusiasm, more, perhaps, than anything else, which made Mr. Richardson's office so good a school for young men. To him his work was everything. He could talk well of a hundred other things, and did so when the occasion seemed to require it, but he had evidently not much heart in them, and was always glad to return to the one theme of which he was never tired, and from which no pain or fatigue could turn away his thoughts. It was impossible to be long near him without sharing to some extent in his enthusiasm, and the high ideal of their work which so honorably distinguishes the younger generation of our architects is undoubtedly due in great part to the direct or indirect influence of his example. In his death American architecture suffers an incalculable bereavement. Few of us, perhaps, and least of all himself, have realized how conspicuous he was in the profession in this country, yet from Maine to Texas there is probably not an office in which Mr. Richardson's work, past and to come, was not an inexhaustible subject of discussion and source of inspiration. It will be harder than we think to accustom ourselves to go without this, but if we would do as he would wish to have us, let us, as the recollection of our loss recurs to us, resolve to emulate his courage and enthusiasm, and rejoice that his physical sufferings should to the end have been consoled by the affection which he cared for beyond all other things.

Life and Thought in Russia.*

[B., in *The Contemporary Review*.]

ANOTHER social group which draws its inspirations from the moods of society at large is constituted by the students of universities and other higher schools—a very large body in Russia. Youth is always more radical than mature age, says a German historian, because it lives more in the future than in the present. I think it would come nearer the truth to say that youth always renders in an exaggerated form the feelings of mature age, whichever direction they may point to, but, for Russia, Treitschke's remark undoubtedly holds good. The Kieff students made sad havoc of the half-century of their university; they absented themselves conspicuously from the Commemoration, hooted some of the guests, and smashed the windows of the rector's house. There were undoubtedly local causes at work in these sad events—the unpopular rector did not leave a free hand to the students in the arrangement of the festivities designed for them, restricted invidiously the number of admissions to the Commemoration Act, and did not behave in the whole matter with sufficient firmness or straightforwardness. But the whole occurrence testified to other and more important evils besides the regrettable want of unanimity and self-respect among the members of the Kieff University. The official 'communiqué' about these events lays stress on the political ferment in the whole affair; the staff of the university had from the very beginning to guard against a political demonstration; hectolithographed proclamations were in circulation, which spoke more of general misery and oppression than of any particular and local grievances. Under these circumstances, the Government inflicted on the whole body of undergraduates an unusually severe penalty. The university was closed for half a year, all its students lost a term, about a hundred were not re-admitted at all. The Press, though kept well in awe, protested against a measure which fell heavily upon many men not connected in the least with the demonstration, and tried to show that the blame ought to lie with a small minority. But it is evident that the Government meant to

punish not only the actual disturbances, but also the discontent which it found lurking behind them.

It does not seem that the grave riots which occurred in December and January at two of the largest factories in the vicinity of Moscow were connected with the spread of mischievous political doctrines. Their origin must be traced to the very abnormal relations which exist between capitalists and workmen in Russia. The workmen are practically at the mercy of their employers. The present stagnation of trade, and the consequent necessity of reducing production and wages, would have led in any case to a very trying state of the labor market; the arbitrary acts of the factory-owners have sharpened the crisis in two cases into actual disturbances. In Talitz, the manager of Baron Knop's mill reduced the number of working days from six to four, contrary to previous agreements, and this incensed the workmen, who protested against the breach of compact. The people thrown out of work refused to accept their wages and leave; the police and the military interfered, and the matter was ultimately decided against the manager, who had flagrantly offended against the plainest rules of equity.

In the case of the Voskresensky manufactory, belonging to the great Moscow house, T. Morosoff, the employers had been steadily reducing the number of hands, and at the beginning of the present year it had been brought down from 12,000 to 7,000. The sense of insecurity created among the rest by these reductions presented, as it were, the substratum for the rioting, which was immediately occasioned by the practice of fining the workmen heavily and in a quite arbitrary way for the smallest transgression of rules. One of the chief managers, who had made himself particularly hateful, was nearly killed by the weavers; the mob ransacked a shop belonging to the factory, and all work was stopped for a week. Order was ultimately restored by the military, at the expense of one or two men killed and several wounded. As I have said, these riots are not to be attributed to revolutionary propaganda, though among the instigators one appears to have been formerly implicated in a political trial; but such disturbances, even if not directly raised by the terrorists, have undoubtedly a tendency to undermine the existing order of society, inasmuch as they make the lower classes familiar with lawlessness and rebellion.

As in the case of the riots against the Jews, the Government has felt it necessary not only to quell the movement by force, but also to examine its causes, and provide some means of counteracting their operation. A Commission has been formed with the object of reforming the existing factory law, and settling the relations between employers and workmen on a more rational basis. It is only to be wished that the analogy between the two questions may not proceed further, and that the work of the new Commission may be carried forward with more diligence and energy than has been the case in regard to the Jews. To judge by the late of the law of 1882 regulating the factory work of children, speedy progress is scarcely to be hoped for. One chief and nine district inspectors have been appointed to watch over the execution of this enactment, but they have had to content themselves till now with the duty of powerless, though intelligent, observation, and it is only a few days ago, three years after the passing of the law, that an *instruction* has been formulated which may at last put the whole machinery into action. This fact may serve to illustrate the external difficulties with which all governmental attempts to deal with the social conditions of the industrial world are met. Even when a question seems quite settled, there is always something the matter which delays action, if it does not prevent it.

This is the more to be regretted, that, to judge by the excellent Report of the Moscow inspector, Professor Janshul, everything in the management of Russian factories requires to be re-adjusted in order to meet the simplest requirements of morality and humanity. Filthy lodging-houses, in which men, women, and children are indiscriminately crowded together, the smallest possible amount of education, the want of sanitary precautions and of medical assistance, and a striking deficiency of measures to guard against accidents—such are the great facts which call for State interference and supervision, besides the general economical and legal position of the working-class. It is impossible to guess in what way, or how soon, the complex problems arising from this state of things may be solved, but it is some comfort to know that the present Minister of Finance, lately Professor of the Kieff University, has no desire to decline all responsibility in such matters.

He has been attempting to provide some help in another social difficulty, which partisans of the *laissez-faire* doctrine would probably have left to develop according to time and chance. The emancipation left the peasant class of most governments

* Continued from May 1st. To be concluded.

with insufficient land allotments, and since then the need in this respect has been steadily increasing with the growth of population. On the other hand, the gentry, once thrown off the beaten track of husbandry which it had been following before 1861, has been constantly divesting itself of the ownership of land. Want of capital prevented the peasants from taking advantage of this fact to better their own circumstances, and most of the land sold went into the hands of commercial people, who often do not use it for the purpose of permanent cultivation, but strike out any immediate benefit they can get out of their purchase without troubling themselves much about its subsequent condition.

In order to counteract the operation of this evil, the Ministry of Finance has founded a bank to help the peasantry to acquire land. Credits have been opened, chiefly in favor of village communities and peasant societies, in several governments; the operations of the bank are gradually extending, and will probably include in the end the whole of Russia in Europe. On what scale the new institution is working may be gathered from the following figures:—1,423 loans have been granted by the bank up to March 1, 1885, to the amount of about eighteen million roubles; 423 village communities, 824 societies, and 176 individuals have profited by these loans; and the area of land acquired comprises 396,442 dessiatines—that is, roughly, 1,010,000 acres. It will require some time before all the results of such a policy can be ascertained, but, as far as can be seen now, it augurs well, and ought to be extended.

Current Criticism

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF LONGFELLOW.—Though we think the plan of Mr. Longfellow's book a mistaken one, yet we may own to have read it with great interest and pleasure. It has been inexpressibly refreshing in these bustling, angry, many-sided times to read the story of this simple tranquil life, devoted to one aim, one business, one desire; of this good, sincere, gentle soul, who, as he was unstirred by any high imagining, so was untroubled by any dark distractions, doubts, or fears. And as we have compared him for his personal popularity to Sir Walter Scott, so in another way did he resemble him; he resembled him in his utter freedom from all the little jealousies and meannesses, the ignoble cares and humors which are so sadly apt to taint and hinder the literary life. He envied no man; he disparaged no man; if others spoke ill of him he never answered them. If he was destined to no great mastery in his art, at least none who ever practised it loved it with a more sincere, simple, disinterested love. Once more we may go back to his own verse to find a fit tribute to this fine side of his character. We may go back, as we have gone before, to his 'Tales of a Wayside Inn,' where the Poet is thus praised:—

A Poet, too, was there, whose verse
Was tender, musical, and terse;
The inspiration, the delight,
The gleam, the glory, the swift flight
Of thoughts so sudden, that they seem
The revelations of a dream.
All these were his; but with them came
No envy of another's fame;
He did not find his sleep less sweet
For music in some neighboring street,
Nor rustling hear in every breeze
The laurels of Miltiades.
Honor and blessings on his head
While living, good report when dead,
Who, not too eager for renown,
Accepts, but does not clutch the crown!

If all the gifts of song this Poet owned were not Longfellow's, the moral gifts were pre-eminently his among all Poets. And as they brought him honor and blessings while he lived, so shall they bring him good report now that he is dead.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE BRONTES AND LORD BROUGHAM.—The most readable articles in the two volumes [V. and VI. of the 'Dictionary of National Biography'] are those by Mr. [Leslie] Stephen on the Brontës and Boswell. The lives of the three Brontë sisters and their brother are so closely interwoven that Mr. Stephen has found it more convenient to deal with the whole family in a single article. The result is a most agreeable biographical sketch, which, short as it is, gives a tolerably complete summary of all that is to be known on the subject. Mr. Stephen evidently does not sympathize with recent attempts to whitewash Branwell Brontë, whom he describes as the worthless and degraded wretch he evidently was. Elaborate criticism and

detailed analysis of character he carefully eschews; but as usual he contrives to interweave with his concise narrative a good many acute remarks on books and authors. . . . Mr. W. Hunt has contributed no better article to the 'Dictionary' than his elaborate memoir of Lord Brougham. The biographer of Brougham, like the biographer of Pope, has to thread his way through a cloud of misrepresentations which the subject of his studies has raised round himself. Mr. Hunt has performed his task with care and discrimination, but it seems to have left in his mind a sensation of hearty dislike for the versatile Chancellor. The fact is, Brougham, as Mr. Hunt says, was 'an unamiable man,' and with all his wit, social talents, and surpassing intellectual vigor, he made few friends and many enemies. Mr. Hunt, however, while bringing out Brougham's vanity, selfishness, and lack of moral balance, does full justice to his extraordinary powers of mind, his tireless energy, and his almost miraculous capacity for hard work.—*The Athenæum*.

Notes

A GERMAN edition of 'Rudder Grange' under the title of 'Ruder Heim,' is about to appear in Stuttgart. The publisher, Robert Lutz, writes that the translator has found considerable difficulty in rendering Pomona's dialect—and well he may have! The edition is 'authorized,' and Mr. Stockton receives a nominal royalty on the sale.

'Closet,' and not 'closest,' should have been the last word in the twelfth line of the last paragraph on our first page last week. 'Closet naturalist' was what Mr. Burroughs wrote; but the compositor changed it, and the corrector overlooked the author's memorandum on the proof.

—Mrs. Homer Martin, wife of the well-known artist, and a lady who has won a reputation in New York literary circles as a reviewer of books, has written a novel called 'Whom God has Joined Together,' which Henry Holt & Co. will publish.

—A portrait of Brander Matthews adorns the May number of *The Book Buyer*.

—Dodd, Mead & Co. have bought from Messrs. Harper the plates of E. P. Roe's 'Nature's Serial Story,' which first appeared in the *Magazine* and was then published by Harper & Bros. in book form with Mr. Gibson's illustrations.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish early this month 'A History of France under Mazarin, with a Sketch of the Administration of Richelieu,' by John Breck Perkins. It will be comprised in two volumes, printed in large octavo, and will contain photographic portraits of Mazarin, Richelieu, Louis XIII., Anne of Austria and Condé.

—The next volume in the Story of the Nations Series will be 'The Story of Germany,' by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. This will be followed by 'The Story of Norway,' by Prof. Boyesen, which contains legendary and historical material probably new to American readers. 'The Story of Spain,' by Edward E. and Miss Susan E. Hale, will follow the 'Norway.' The historical narrative has been illuminated by a picturesque grouping of the various stories and legends which play so important a part in the early Spanish chronicles.

—A new book for children, by Lewis Carroll, is announced by Macmillan & Co. It is entitled 'Alice's Adventures Under Ground,' and is a facsimile of the original MS. book, afterwards developed into 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.' It will contain twenty-seven illustrations by the author.

—*Tid-Bits*, which a year since was made up entirely of excerpts from other journals, has, under its present editorial control, gradually made a place for itself as an original humorous weekly. Its price has just been increased to five cents; and it now appears on a finer grade of paper, with leaves cut and stitched, and with many improvements in make-up, as well as with important additions to its literary and artistic staff.

—We learn from *The Star* that for some months Mr. Henry Clews, the banker, has been at work upon a volume of his reminiscences of Wall Street and the famous men who have been conspicuous in the financial world. The book will be issued about the 1st of July under the title of 'Twenty-eight Years' Experience in Wall Street.' Mr. Clews describes every important event and gives a sketch of every prominent operator and familiar figure in Wall Street. The book, which is to fill 600 pages, will contain a large number of portraits, many of which have not before been engraved. Among those already arranged for are pictures of the Vanderbilts, Jay Gould, James R. Keene, Daniel Drew, Jacob Little and William R. Travers, which last

accompanies a very amusing chapter devoted to Mr. Travers's sayings and doings. The dedication is 'To the Veterans of Wall Street.'

—Mons. Armand Hayem has written a curious little volume entitled 'Le Don Juanisme' and dedicated it to Mons. Barbey d'Aurevilly, author of 'Le Dandysme.' Stendhal says that the name 'Don Juan' was taken by Molière from the Spanish monk, Gabriel Tellez, known as Tirso de Molina, sixty-eight of whose 300 comedies remain. Mozart followed suit, then Byron, then Musset.

—An anonymous novel, 'Face to Face,' is announced by Charles Scribner's Sons, who will also issue soon a new and uniform edition of Mrs. Burnett's popular novels.

—The three next issues in Cassell's Library Edition of Novels will be 'As Common Mortals,' an anonymous story, the scene of which is laid in Brooklyn; 'The Magic of a Voice,' by Margaret Russell Macfarlane, a tale of Germany; and 'Who Was Guilty?' by Dr. Philip Woolf.

—Scott's 'Lady of the Lake' has appeared in Cassell's National Library. The next issues will be Luther's 'Table Talk' and Bacon's 'Wisdom of the Ancients.'

—A. C. McClurg & Co. will soon issue a novel bearing the title of 'Haschisch.' The author has made the plot turn upon a new application of the powers of the Oriental drug. The action of the story takes place in New York, Monte Carlo and Paris.

—Mr. Ruskin has issued the following circular letter: 'Mr. Ruskin trusts that his friends will pardon his declining correspondence in spring and spending such days as may be spared to him in the fields, instead of at his desk. Had he been well he would have been in Switzerland, and begs his correspondents to imagine that he is so; for there is no reason, because he is obliged to stop in England, that he should not be allowed to rest there.'

—Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's strangely named story, 'Burglars in Paradise,' will be published in book form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—Thomas Whittaker will issue immediately for summer reading a fifty-cent edition of Frederick Saunders's 'Pastime Papers.'

—Some relics of Schiller and Goethe were sold at auction in Berlin a few weeks ago. A splendid chased silver cup, representing a boar hunt, with the initials C. A. and W. G., a dedication from the Grand Duke Carl August to Wolfgang von Goethe, brought only 43s.; and a gold locket, containing locks of the hair of Schiller and 'Lotte,' only 18s. Goethe's signet ring was sold for 50s.

—A new edition of Henry James's novels, at fifty cents a volume, is announced by Macmillan & Co. 'A Portrait of a Lady' will inaugurate the series.

—On Wednesday of last week the remains of Wendell Phillips, together with those of his wife, who died quite recently, were interred in a double grave in the burial lot of the orator's sister, Mrs. George Green, in Centre Street, Milton, Mass. Mr. Phillips was with Mrs. Green at the time the lot was chosen, and said that he wanted to be laid there at death. Mr. Green is buried just to the west of Mr. and Mrs. Phillips. Near by are the last resting-places of H. P. Kiddle, Hon. James M. Robbin, Dr. C. C. Holmes and Dr. William Rimmer.

—E. A. writes:—In the March number of *The Century* (p. 727), in Mr. Howells's story of 'The Minister's Charge,' occur these sentences: 'She was what they call whopper-jawed, and spoke a language almost purely consonantal—cutting and clipping her words with a rapid play of her whopper-jaw till there was nothing but the bare bones left of them.' Being a native of New England, the scene of this story, and having studied its language for some years, I know most of the peculiarities in it which would be likely to grate on the accurate Western ear; but I never before heard of a 'whopper-jaw.' It sometimes happens in the human subject—not specially often in Massachusetts, however—that the lower jaw projects a little, so that when the mouth is closed the under teeth shut outside the upper. A person having this peculiarity, which is accompanied by a prominent chin and a dislocated look about the mouth, is, in New England, called warp-jawed—that is, the jaw is said to be warped out of shape, as a board is warped by heat. I admit that I have heard this word warp-jawed transmuted into wapper-jawed by the unwary, and at first it occurred to me that this might be the word meant by Mr. Howells. But, although a warp-jawed person betrays a little peculiarity of speech, he does not talk any more rapidly than others, nor in a more 'consonantal' manner. What is the meaning of 'whopper-jawed'?

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1138.—What is the best dictionary of rhymes in the English language, and what is the best practical work on the art of poetry for a beginner?

ANAMOSA, IOWA.

H. S. F.

[We should recommend Tom Hood's 'The Rhymester, or the Rules of Rhyme,' edited by Arthur Penn, and published by D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.]

No. 1139.—Where can I find illustrations to Longfellow's 'Golden Legend' not contained in the Osgood edition of 1877, especially pictures of the Monk Felix, and of Strasburg Cathedral, brightly illuminated?

NEW YORK CITY.

T. A. H.

No. 1140.—Some years ago I saw, in England, a small pocket volume made up of well-known passages of great literary beauty (St. Paul on charity, for instance) selected from the Bible. I think it was compiled by a Miss Sewell, and was designed for a few moments' reading every day. Can any one tell me where I can get a copy?

ST. PAUL, MINN.

C. D.

No. 1141.—1. Kindly indicate the correct pronunciation of the name of Geikie, the Biblical scholar. 2. I have been told that Mr. Samuel Smiles pronounces his name as if spelled Smiley. Is this true?

WILMINGTON, DEL.

I. M. COX.

[1. Geekee.]

No. 1142.—What is the legend or bit of folk-lore on which is founded Longfellow's allusion, in 'Evangeline,' to the 'braiding of St. Katherine's tresses,' as the employment of those ladies who never come to know the sweet names of wife and mother? Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable gives no clew, nor do I find any in a (nearly complete) set of *Notes and Queries*.

AMHERST COLLEGE.

W. I. F.

ANSWERS.

No. 1126.—'Principles of Design,' by Prof. Christopher Dresser, of Edinburgh, is an admirable work upon the subjects you mentioned.

BERKELEY, CAL.

E. C. P.

No. 1131.—The poem may be found on page 211 of *The American Popular Lessons*, of which I have a copy.

HUBBARDSTOWN, MASS.

GEORGE F. CLARK.

No. 1136.—The line, 'To stay at home is best,' occurs in one of Longfellow's 'Birds of Passage' poems, beginning:

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest,
Home-keeping hearts are happiest.

NEW YORK CITY.

W. H. C.

No. 1137.—The author of 'Cleopatra's Soliloquy' is Mary Bayard Clarke.

NEW YORK CITY.

E. L. B.

Publications Received.

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.]

- Allen, J. Life of Nelson. Introduction by Rev. H. R. Haweis. 10c. G. Routledge & Sons.
Armstrong, G. D. The Two Books of Nature and Revelation. \$1. Funk & Wagnalls.
Bacon, L. W. The Simplicity that is in Christ. \$1.50. Funk & Wagnalls.
Bartlett, E. T., and Peters, J. P. Scriptures, Hebrew and Christian. Vol. I. \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Collins, W. The Evil Genius. 25c. Harper & Bros.
Davies, C. Modern Whist. Scribner & Welford.
Demos: A Story of English Socialism. 25c. Harper & Bros.
Edwards, H. S. The Faust Legend. Scribner & Welford.
Feuillet, O. Alette (La Mort). Tr. by J. H. Hager. 30c. D. Appleton & Co.
Harsha, W. J. A Timid Brave. 75c. Funk & Wagnalls.
Lamb, C. Letters of. Ed. by W. C. Hazlitt. 2 vols. Scribner & Welford.
Law Books, Catalogue of, Published or Imported by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.
McLean, Fannie W. John Wilson's Prose Style. Boston: J. S. Cushing & Co.
Moore, F. Songs and Ballads of the Southern People: 1861-1865. \$1. D. Appleton & Co.
Orr, Mrs. S. Handbook to the Works of Robert Browning. Scribner & Welford.
Rees, J. R. The Pleasures of a Book-Worm. George J. Coombes.
Ruskin, J. Val d'Arno: Ten Lectures on the Tuscan Art. \$1. J. Wiley & Sons.
Scott, L. Sculpture, Renaissance and Modern. Scribner & Welford.
Scott, Sir Walter. The Lady of the Lake. 10c. Cassell & Co.
Starr, L. Diseases of the Digestive Organs in Infancy and Childhood. \$2.50. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston, Son & Co.
Warden, Florence. A Prince of Darkness. 25c. Cassell & Co.

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